THE HUNTRESS.

EDUCATION—"*The main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty.*"—JEFFERSON.

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THE HUNTRESS

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BY

MRS ANNE ROYALL.

TERMS.

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SELECTED TALES.

[*From the Casket.*]

BREAKING ONE'S HEART.

A CHIT-CHAT AT THE COUNTRY SEAT OF JEREMY SHORT, E-Q

'Put up the window, Jim, bring in a meerschaum for this gentleman and another for myself. Egad, sir, but is n't hot! I've almost turned Turk since these dog-days began, and do nothing but smoke, and drink iced sherbet—do make yourself at home—hope you had a fine voyage up the Hudson—is n't a glorious river!—as I heard a German exile say it equalled the Rhine, and wanted—thank God!—its robber-castles.—Your health, sir—another for the old river, and let it be a bumper!'

'Thank you, Jeremy—you are too kind—but is n't this country air delicious?—what a fine prospect too from the window? glorious woods there, rich corn-fields, every thing flourishing—and as I live if there ain't two sweet cherubs playing on the lawn, ah! but you 're a happy man you live like a prince!'

'Nonsense, do n't talk of it, my dear sir.—there 's nothing to boast of except the children—you have n't any! But you 're married! Egad, sir, I thought not, you do n't look quite happy enough to be so. But as you were saying there are some fine points in the landscape. That rolling hill, this gentle slope, the stream glittering along the valley, that dark, majestic wood, away down there the Highlands like eternal sentinels watching over the Hudson, and yonder, just in a line with that sloop, the blue summits of the Catskill rising like thunder clouds in the west. I thank God, sir, I live here? *But* talking of the Catskill reminds me of a story—a love story too, and one proving my theory that woman's heart will break for love. *But* sit down, sir, and we'll take it easy, for while I narrate you shall listen, and egad, sir, we'll both smoke to fill up the pauses.

Harry Livingston—did you know him!—was the choicest chap I ever saw. He was younger by many years than myself, and as gay and merry a collegian as ever tricked the professors, wrote poetry instead of Greek, and then—the lucky dog! carried off the honors in spite of laziness and the faculty. Ah! but he was a rare genius. How too he could converse! Such a mad-cap scoundrel never whispered a way a girl's heart as this same attorney—and I do believe before he was twenty-three he had more love-scrapes, and got out of 'em honorably too, than any youngster of his age I ever knew. He was a poor dog, sir, with a patrimony of nothing but blood and wit, and so he could n't afford to get married, he used to flirt about among the girls, flitting from flower to flower, and staying just long enough to get the spice of your love making, and then off again. I do n't say it was exactly right—many a heart has been broken that way! but at any rate it was exciting?

Well, there was one sweet creature he had known for years, for they had been children together, and when both grew up it came natural for them to fall in love. Every body vowed it would be a match. I remember her when she was just eighteen, and she was worthy of a monarch's affection! Her form was faultless as the Parian's, with just fullness enough to be exquisitely rounded. Her face was not exactly classic—but ah? such an expression? and then her soft, deep blue eyes, that looked love at every glance. Egad, sir this blue is the color to do the work—black may be queenly, hazel may come over one at times, but when the deep, blue eye of some little fairy, looks full into your own, you might as well give up the war at once.

I have said Livingston was something of a male coquette, and though he was certainly attentive to sweet Alice Leslie for a while, and though they used to sing duetts together, or sit chatting alone when the old folks were out, or take many a long solitary walk at moonlight, and though if ever he loved it was then, yet somehow or other it fell out at last, that he began to visit her less frequently, and finally the hard-hearted rascal he nearly ceased altogether. It may be he knew he was too poor to marry, and that his pride forbid him to wed one richer than himself and it may be that he feared if he continued the intimacy his heart would be lost without avail but so it was he dropped gradually off, became attentive in other places was the gayest gallant at your balls, and seemed altogether to have forgotten that such a fairy creature as Alice Leslie lived, or that he had spent so many happy hours at her side. At last his visits ceased altogether. It was now summer, and they had not met since Christmas. Of course Alice never alluded to him, if she had loved, she let it prey silently upon her heart, but I do not know how it was though she was gayer and wilder than ever, the bloom grew fainter on her cheek, and she seemed like a withered flower slowly fading away. The doctors shook their heads, and feared she was going into a consumption. Ah! sir, how many hearts are broken, and we blindly ascribe our loss to that fell disease. I am a believer in a broken heart. There is a blight sometimes comes over the young and tender mind—a cold, deadly mysterious feeling, drying up the very springs of life—a mourning over an unrequited love, which sends its victim slowly, and almost imperceptibly to the tomb. Like a bud nipped by an early frost, she dropps silently away and no one knows the secret of her decline. A virtuous heart never betrays its disappointment. It almost shrinks from acknowledging it to itself. It wraps itself in the mantle of its sorrow, and alone, and unpitied, weeps over the ruin of its hopes, withering day by day away, while the cheek pales, and the eye grows unnaturally bright, until at last death steals in upon the sufferer, and the broken heart passes to that land, "where the weary are at rest.' It is generally a little cold, caught by some slight carelessness, that begins the work, for those sir, who are thus deserted, lose all interest in the things of life. As the lily hangs its head and dies when forsaken by the waters it has leaned its head upon, so the heart of a delicate woman, when once it is betrayed, turns from all solace, and pines irremediably away. But don't mind me, sir—I am afraid my eyes are getting old and watery—I'll take a tumbler to strengthen them, and then get on with my story.

Well sir, as a last resort—poor thing! she was ordered to travel. It happened that Harry having been loitering at Lake George, and drinking water and nonsense together at Saratoga, had just landed at the Catskill village in order to ascend the mountain, when who should come up the river for the same purpose, but Alice Leslie and her father. Livingston started, bowed, and his heart smote him when he saw the paleness of the girl—the more startled from the faint blush that dyed her marble brow as she returned his salutation. By one of fortune's freaks they were both thrown together in the same carriage. Rallying all his faculties he soon became the life of the company. It is a dangerous thing to be placed as he was with one he had loved. It touches every chord of the heart, and needs no little feet to disguise your emotion. But what was there that mad-cap Harry Livingston could not do!

Have you ever ascended to the mountain house? No! Egad, sir, do it to-morrow as you 're a christain. The country does not afford a finer sight. Hill and valley roll around you, and the road winds along precipices hundreds of feet sheer down—while the tops of the tall pines below wave on a level with the carriage window. Here a rill goes babbling and purling across the road, and then murmurs hoarsely, like a storm amid the forest boughs, as it leaps and tumbles down the steep. Away off the clouds are sailing round the mountain, or hitching from peak acro-s the valley. It was a sight to make the dumb speak, and they all soon fell into a joyous mood. But Alice did not join in it, and only answered in monosyllables, though oh! how mildly, to the questions addressed to her. Harry, however, did his best, and the whole coach was in a roar with his wit. But directly a thunder storm arose, and for a while all gazed silently upon it. At first the whole sky was of a pitchy hue, and the dark brow of the mountain was wrapped in an inky shroud, from which at intervals the lurid lightnings zig zagged, followed by the hoarse thunder, crashing rolling, and echoing away among the hills. Down in the valley, where the storm had not reached, the yellow corn-fields were smiling in the sun—the brightness of the landscape below contrasting strongly with the dark and sullen character of the massy clouds above. For awhile, as I said, all was silent, but as the rain began to pour down in torrents, it beat into the stage, and numerous exclamations of discomfort arose from the passengers. The seat of Alice was particularly exposed, and several at once offered to exchange with her. But tho only fit one was that which Harry occupied, and after much solicitation she consented to accept it. When they all came to be seated again, by a singular chance, sir, Harry found the only vacant seat was one beside her, and I need not tell a man like you that it sent a thrill, like an electric shiver, through every nerve of his frame. As the sat down the eyes of Alice, for an instant, met his own, and were then quickly cast down, but that glance touched him to the heart, for he noticed how wan and ethereal-like she had grown. If ever he had loved Alice all his old feeling returned upon him then. There is nothing like meek suffering to touch the heart. His gaiety was gone at once.

'Pardon me, Miss Leslie—but had n't you better put on a shaw? the air is growing chill,' add then in a lower tone, full of feeling, he added, 'and you look unwell.'

'Thank you,' scarcely faultered the sweet girl, for the tone in which he spoke reminded her of other days, and it was as much as she could to prevent her full heart from finding vent in tears. Harry noticed that her voice quivered, and that when he delicately placed the shawl upon her shoulders she could scarcely keep from trembling. But discerning as he though himself he little suspected the cause.

Well sir, but let me fill your glass—the storm soon swept below, and while the top of the Catskill was gilded with the sunlight the dark clouds hung like a gauze veil around the body of the mountain. Down in the valley it was still raining, and the sunbeams glinting through, made every drop sparkle again, until it seemed as if a million of diamonds were falling flashing from the sky. It was indeed magnificent.

Meanwhile the rain had left the roads so slippery that it was with great difficulty they could proceed. The old gentlemen, however, made the most of it, grew lively as young bloods, and after a while one of them asked Alice to sing. Ah! you may well laugh, but there's nothing like such scrapes to make men sociable, and as night set in, and the stars, the old rascals, began to wink through the flying scud as if they were drunk, the gentlemen became perfectly unmanageable. Old Leslie was as bright as any—but still Alice refused. She felt poor girl, but little like the gay company, and it was only when Harry joined in the request, and she feared if she still declined he might suspect the truth, that she consented. It was, sir, one of those old Scotch songs that will live how exquisitely sweet—then it became louder, and swelled out like the rich music of an angel, gushing forth in its own immortal harmony. The listners were spell-bound, Harry had often heard her sing it in other days, and it come over him like a strain of early childhood. Leaning his head on his hand he was lost in thought. The song had touched a long silent chord in his bosom, and though he had bent at the shrine of many a beauty since last he saw Alice, he felt at once that he had never truly loved but her. Ah! sir, there are feelings that lie dormant for years, and which we almost forgot we have, but which at last a word, or a tone will awaken, and we are at once well nigh unmanned, under the flood of old memories that rush in upon us. Just as she ceased they stopped at the mountain house, and as they stepped out and the lights fell an instant on Alice's face, he noticed that her eyes were wet with tears. Alas! she had never been used to weep at it in other days. For an instant a suspicion of the truth flashed upon his mind—but bold as he was, he was n't quite so vain as that.

I have said that the moon—but let me ring for some more sherbert—burst out in all her silvery beauty. Harry rambled out alone, but he could not forgot the pale face of the once merry Alice, and soon returning from his solitary walk, who should he see as he reached the piazza, but Miss Leslie, standing by a column and gazing at the moonlight.—As if by some mysterious influence Livingston approached her. She did not seem aware of his presence, and for a moment he stood silent beside her. It was a glorious night. The moon was sailing through the cloudless blue above, flooding hill, stream, and valley beneath, in her liquid light. Before them the mountain, sloping almost perpendicularly down, disclosed the valley of the Hudson, nearly three thousand feet below, stretching for miles along the river, and spotted with farms and woodlands, that looked like grass-plats in a garden—while the lordly river, dwindled in the distance to a streamlet, slept a dozen miles away beneath its gauze-like canopy of mist, and beyond the hills and highlands of three states melted into the dim obscurity of the horizon.—Over the whole of this nearly boundless landscape a shadowy haze hung, such as might have floated over the dreamy land of Eld. If ever I could believe in fairies it would be at such a time and place. A dim, mysterious air breathed around the whole, and the mind catching the influence, became insensibly softened and subdued. Livingston felt the power of the scene, and involuntarily exclaimed,

'Is it not beautiful!'

'Mr. Livingston?' ejaculated the startled girl, hesitating a moment, and then moving toward the door as she added, 'I—I—did not—known you were nigh.'

'Has Miss Leslie so completely forgotten an old friend!" he said, detaining her, 'that she treats him as a stranger?'

'I—was startled,' answered Alice, 'but perhaps,' she continued evasively, scarce knowing whether to stay or not, yet at last determining to remain and assume as indifferent a manner as if her companion was but a common acquaintance, 'Mr. Livingston is fonder of gazing on such a scene alone.'

An awkward pause ensued. Livingston felt how embarrassing it is to be left alone with one you have loved, and yet dare no longer speak to in your old way. A strange feelings came over him—he scarcely knew what he said.

'How much that song reminded me of other times!' he said abruptly.

'I thought Mr. Livingston had long forgotten them,' said Alice, half coldly, half reproachfully.

'There is an old German fairy song you used to sing—Miss Leslie—that might have been inspired by such a dreamy landscape as this,' he continued, recollecting himself 'may I presume to ask for it?'

(*To be Continued.*)

'I aint going to be called printer's devil any longer—do more I aint,' exclaimed our imp the other day, in a terrible pucker. 'Well, what shall we call you—hey!' 'Why call me typographical spirit of evil—if you please—that's all!"

WASH. GTON CITY.

SATURDAY MARCH 12, 1842.

THE WAR PARTY.

It appears The Baltimore Sun *assists* the *Globe* in keeping the war rumour up, though it is under the head of a "Washington Correspondent." The writer says "I have no disposition to provoke a war between the two countries, or even to excite additional feelings of animosity! [the very thing he is at.] But experience has long since proved that the most effectual negociations with the last anchored isle are made at "the cannon's mouth" What did England get by the last war? We fancy England understands her interest too well to try it again. What a "pucker" those Benton men are in for war!

What will they do for *specie* to carry on war? It is presumed they will not take Treasury notes if they follow their great head Col. Benton ['wonder if he tried his creditors in his own State with Treasury notes!]

Now as war cannot be carried on without money, and these *war* gentlemen refuse paper, we advise them to postpone war until the GOLD promised by Col. Benton floats up the Mississippi!

It is amusing enough, by the way, to hear this Solomon, the Washington Correspondent of the Sun, assure the public "that he has no desire to provoke a war between the two countries." The public must take this very kind of him—so does our Tom!

While the Sun Editor is dressing this up to suit the appetite of its readers, his correspondent is arraigning the Senate of the United States with all the arrogance of a master for not confirming the President's nominations. Perhaps the Senate has "constitutional scruples." The President puts his own construction upon the Constitution, and the Senate probably think they have the same right.

One word to the President, which his good sense will have seen ere this, viz, he ought to be more circumspect in his patronage of the press.

On the subject of the press, we hold the same opinion with that able and discriminating paper, the Saturday Courier. The press is disgraced by party scurrility and falsehood, and prostituted to incendiaries.

What but the licenciousness of the press has sunk the country to its present degradation. *Partyism*, pious *phrenzy*, *political phrenzy*, and *money religion*—all have recourse to the Press to sustain their treachery and selfishness.

By falsehood, treachery, robbery, and fraud they get money, and with money they buy up the press, until we have become the scorn and derision of nations. Therefore let those who have the good of their country at heart set their faces against those incendiary papers, and they will cease.

There is land enough in the country for every honest, industrious man to make a living, without falsehood and fraud. We hope President Tyler will be the first to set the example, and that all friends of the country will follow him. The liberty of the press is one thing, but the abuse of it is another—one is the life, the other the death of liberty.

SPEECH OF HON. HENRY A. WISE.

—Speaking on behalf of the Post Office, Mr. W., in regard to Mr. *Constable Beck*, wanted to know of Mr. Summers, the Chairman, what provision was made for the Assistant Postmaster of THIS HOUSE." Mr W., who seems to have a particular regard for the poor—vide Mr. Beck, happened to meet with his man. Mr. Summers told him "there was no such officer." If Mr. Wise's object be to help the poor, Mr. Beck, as respects himself, has taken the trouble off his hands, for he has helped himself. His income is the largest in the city, except Gen. Van Ness'.

Mr. W. looked very close into the report for this messenger's salary, passing over others. How did this happen? Did he search with the same keenness into the wants of the suffering widows with just claims? Is this his regard for the poor?

"Mr WISE said that he knew, and all the members of the House could ascertain the fact, that this was a much more important officer than the other messengers of this House. He was responsible for bringing from the city post office the mail of this House, the importance of which they all knew. He was also shut up with the postmaster at the opening of the mails.

Wonder if Mr. W. found out all this himself, or did somebody tell him! He is *not* "responsible for bringing the mail. Sworn officers bring the mail—Messrs. Moore and Sweeny, and they assist, or it is their duty to do so, [if the Postmaster be too great a gentleman to do it himself,] and distribute the mail, and the Postmaster knows it "He is also shut up with the Postmaster."

Now the fact is, that this Mr. Beck shuts *himself* up in the post office, and opens and distributes the mail long before the Postmaster is out of his bed, as we have often found upon calling there with our own mail for the members—and he is the last man we should trust with a mail. But hear Mr. W. out.

"Mr. WISE did not mean to enter into the general discussion, but would say that the duties of this officer were highly onerous, and of an important trust. He was employed from 8 o'clock in the morning until 9 or 10 at night, and $2 50 per day was not a sufficient support for the man—certainly not a sufficent compensation for his services,"

"He was employed from 8 o'clock in the morning [yes, he is there at 6 in summer] till 9 or 10 at night"—later than that! Why is he there? that is the question. He pushes himself there, every one in the Capitol knows this, nor is his presence welcome. Let Mr. W. make inquiry, how and by what authority this man came to be saddled upon the Government, and he will find the least said about him the better. Let Mr. Wise inquire how long Mr McCormick and his predecessor kept the Postoffice without any of Mr. Beck's assistance, and at least as well as it is kept now, and let Congress inquire if the Postmaster has a right to employ messengers who draw wages contrary to law. That is the point! We trust the Committee will look into this matter.

There is a mystery in the fact of Mr. Wise taking such an interest in this particular case which needs explanation.

It is whispered that Southern members, and perhaps others from all parts are maturing some political plan [heaven knows what! unless it be to burn up the Potomack, or erect a monarchy] and that Mr. Wise is to be the great gun, or rather, we should have said, tool. But what the Beck affair can have to do in this matter (if matter there be) is above our ken. Perhaps a loan.

Finally, It does appear that Messrs Cushing, Wise and Proffit make a third party in the House. These oppose reform, which all three advocated under the last administration, and they sustain President Tyler. In this they differ from both Whigs and Democrats. There is another co incidence applicable to them, if report be true—all three are candidates for foreign mission.

All we have to say is that in our opinion they have not only fallen themselves but draged the President down with them.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE GLOBE.

If we are not greatly mistaken the old practice is about to be resumed—we mean that of writing letters in this city, and sending them off to be published in a distant paper, and then copying them in the Globe. The following has much the appearance of such a letter—

Extracts from a Florida letter, republished in the Globe.

"What a speech Mr. Benton has delivered against Mr. Tyler's Fiscality! It is the greatest speech, in my opinion, ever delivered in the Senate of the United States—emphatically the greatest—because it contains more truth, more facts, and more history, (with as strong reasoning,) than any production I have yet seen. It traces the history of banking most faithfully, and shows how men have been gradually seduced into the love of paper—preferring the shadow to the substance. It tears from the shoulders of Whigery her bank mantle, and from her face the paper mask.* It shows her to be a thing of air, set out in cobweb drapery. On the other hand, it exhibits the solid substance, the just proportions and magnitude of Democracy—devoid of covering, every beholder discovers it to be of gold and silver—unadulterated, plain, strong, and permanent. How unlike her enemy—the harlot Whigery—clothed in gewgaws, and perfumed with the otto of roses! Seductive smiles are upon her lips—she 'holds the word of promise to the ear, and breaks it to the hope." Her promise o pay are hollow."

Something like Col. Benton's promisses to his creditors. "Harlot Whiggery! This he means for the people—good enough for them!

In another part of the letter he puts up a prayer, viz.

"Would to Heaven every man in the Union could think as Mr. Benton does! then should we have restored among us the spirit of honesty and of the Revolution. We should have tender hearts, clear heads, and iron hands."

The poor fellow is in pangs for an office, Col. Benton, a tender heart!!!

After doing every thing in his power, and he had the power—he had the full direction of the Executive closet for eight years, if not more, previous to the election of Gen Harrison—to bring the country into distress, he is now doing every thing in his power to keep it so! Has that man a heart? If he could only get up a war, there would soon be an opening for his clear head and iron hand." His iron hand has already been felt by the people of this country!

It requires no conjurer to guess who the letter writer is. Let any one read the letter attentively, and they must be convinced. Such strong and beautiful appeals, such bitterness, and resort to calling names, can only eminate from a low, reckless man, grown desperate from disappointed ambition, bankrupt in fortune and bankrupt in principle. See the color they intend to give, or do give the tendency of the project the nature of which we can only conjecture, but it seems to indicate a revolution of some sort, viz.

——"then we should have restored among us the spirit of honesty and of the Revolution. We should have tender hearts, clear heads, and iron hands."

"tender hearts" indeed to belong to fighting! There is something under this

CONSPIRACY AND TREASON!!!

Some of the war party corps of letter writers, it appears, are travelling about to excite war. One of them has been trying to "come it" over the Editors of the Intelligencer in a real or pretended letter from London, But it would not take.

Gentlemen of the Cabinet! Gentlemen of Congress! and Gentleman "Tyler too" keep a sharp look out ahead for Bunns. There is treason in the camp.

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* He ought to have added "cravat" they might have had a roll of *Bank* notes in that.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

Hon. JOHN B. THOMPSON.

Mr. T. is a new member from Kentucky. He is a very young man for a member, and would not be supposed over twenty. He is of the middling height, with a slender agile figure, and appeared light and active, but, wrapped in his morning gown, we cannot speak of his shape with any accuracy. His face is Grecian, very fair, and delicately tinged with the rose, with pleasing, regular features, neither thin nor full. His forehead is remarkably wide and deep, and bespeaks intellect, and his high arched brow is free and open. His eye is blue, large, mild, and innocent, and beams with a joyous pleasantry, uncommonly attractive. His countenance is open, natural and intelligent, while a winning smile plays upon his features. His manners are very engaging and gentlemanly.

Now, ladies, ladies! we have something better still to say of Mr. T.—he is in the market! look out for him, he is a prize

LADIES.

We have seen but few lady visitors for the last two or three weeks, though we see by the Congressional Register that most of the members are accompanied by their families.

But this is principally owing to our close confinement to business. But we shall have more leisure hereafter, as the days lengthen

MRS. RENCHER.—Mrs. R. is the lady of Hon. Abraham Rencher, a member of the House for some years from North Carolina. She is quite young-looking, of common height — rather tall. With a slender sylph-like figure, of exceeding beauty and grace: Her face is Grecian, with remarkably delicate features, of the finest symmetry and beauty. Her hair is black, and hangs in rich ringlets over her smooth, chaste forehead. Her complexion is dark, and her eye is a light hazle, with a soft fascinating brilliancy, which sheds a bright radiancy over her sweet innocent features. Her countenance is modest and retiring, and breaths the very soul of intelligence and human kindness. Her manners are gentle and accomplished, and wins upon the affections, —just such a wife as Mr. Rencher happly deserves, he being one of the most amiable men living.

They have a sweet little boy of exceedingly rare beauty, with the same bright hazle eye of its father, but the members who board at the house (Hyatt's) are spoiling the dear little fellow by their caresses.

☞ APOLOGY. ☜

At an early day of the last week a tall middle aged man of very gentlemanly appearance, called at our house, and handed in a short original tale, marked No. 1, and gave a dollar in advance, as he said, for the Huntress.

It was court week, and our printer was summoned to attend as a witness, and left the tale, which he ought to have set up himself, to be done by the boy, who not accustomed to composing MSS., spoiled it. But this could have been easily corrected, had our printer not fallen into bad company, and came home rather the worse for liquor, and instead of correcting the work of the boy, spoiled a great part of the presswork, to our great loss.

The gentlemen did not leave his name or address, or we should return the money, with a suitable apology. We are grieved for the accident, but if the gentleman will furnish the balance of the tale, which is very interesting, he may rely upon it the work will be well done, as we have got a new printer.

Not only this gentleman, but our subscribers were ill-treated by beastly drunkenness.

POETRY.

OLD FRIENDS TOGETHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

Oh, times is sweet, when roses meet,
With Spring's sweet breath around them
And sweet the cost when hearts are lost,
If those we love have found them.
And sweet the mind that, still can find
A star in darkest weather—
But nought can be so sweet to see
As old friends met together.

Those days of old when youth was bold,
And time stole wings to speed it,
And youth ne'er knew how fast it flew,
Or knowing, did not heed it.
Though gray each brow that meets us now,
Frie age brings wintry weather,
Yet nought can be so sweet to see
As those old friends together.

The few long known, whom years have shown
With hearts that friendship blesses—
And a hand to cheer, perchance a tear,
To soothe a friend's distresses—
Who helped and tried, still side by side,
A friend to face hard weather—
Oh, thus may we yet joy to see,
And meet old friends together

"Man is a pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear,' and it is WOMAN who winds up the moving power.

WAYS AND MEANS.—Railroad speculations have left some of the States plenty of ways, and no means!

A CONCLUSIVE ARGUMENT.—At a recent assembly of convives of the right sort, at Brussels. Col.—stated the question, whether the hamlet of Auburn, in the county of Westmeath, was really the subject of Goldsmith's Deserted Vilage—and a doubt arising. from the circumstance of the Doctor not having been actually on the spot when he composed that pathetic piece, Charles O'Malley, who was present, with all the zeal of a warm defender of his country's rightful honor, exclaimed, 'Why, gentlemen, was Milton actually in hell when he wrote his Paradise Lost? This was voted a floorer.

☞Fame is like a shaved pig, with a greased tail—and it is only when it has slippee through the hands of thousands, that some fellow by mere chance holds on to it!

A *Lord in American*.—After the surrender at Saratoga, when we were en route, I think, for Boston, Colonel Smith, who was always a gay, mirth-loving fellow, met an old lady at the country town where they halted, who told him, that, hearing there was an English lore amongst them, she hod left her home and travelled more than a hundred miles to get a sight of him. The colonel immediately seized her by the arm and led her into a room where young Lord Napier was—a delicate, raw, meagre-looking lad—and laid hold of this sickly young sprig of nobility, and lugged him forth. The old lady gazed on him for a long time with looks of surprise and disappointment, and exclaimed, clasping her hands together, 'Well, if this be an English lord, I hope I may never see a lord again, till I see the Lord Jehovah.'—Maxwell.

To get rid of a Visiter.—A late writer says: 'I once had a constant and troublesome visiter, whom I tried many ways to get rid of. First, I essayed smoke, which he bore like a badger—then I tried fire, which endured like a salamander—at last I lent him five dollars, and I have never seen him since!'

Boz.—'Bass, [said Smith) did you know that *Dickens* or his father, or both, were porters to Parliament!' 'That's one of your blunders, Smith [replied Bas.] they were re-porters, not porters. There's as much difference between them, as there is between tailors and retailers." Smith shut up his head.—Boston Post.

The Harrisburg Church and State Temperance Society next week. Also the CLERKS in the Departments.-☞

☞Since our paper went to press it appears the Benton War has commenced.

NOTICE.

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Mar 1840 J. W. DEXTER.

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Repairing done as usual.

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Those in the City of N. York, who Wish the work, will be served by leaving their names with the publisher, John Doyle 294, Pearl Street, those at a distance can have it regularly mailed to them, by remitting one dollar in a post-paid letter.

Agents.—Mr. Patrick Conolly, 118 Ann St. Boston;—Henry Mc Keon, Willing Alley, Philadelphia;—Mr. John Fenton Utica, N. Y.;—r.T Mathew McLeod Georgetown, D. C.;—Mr. Peter Haynes Savannah, Geo.—and the office of the U. S Catholic Miscellany, Charleston, S. C.

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CONDITIONS.

1. One thousand copies only wi be printed.

2. The paper and print wi both be excellent.

3. It wi be issued in weekly parts of twelve and a-half cents each part payable on delivery.

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His bar is furnished equal to any in the United States.

He flatters himself, therefore, that from his zeal to give entire satisfaction, he may receive a moderate share of public patronage.

B. O. SHECKLES.

sept. 23, 1840

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER.—Printed and published by A M'Makin & E. Holden, at No. 72 Dock Street, corner of Walnut.

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Of Advertising.—$1 per square for each inserion. No yearly advertising admitted these terms have been adopted both because the number of subscribers are so much larger than all the daily papers united, as to make them actually cheaper, and because a repetition of old advertisements affords no interest to the readers.

Papers discontinued only at the option of the publishers, while arrearages are due.

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Any person warding for $10 will be entitled to six copies.

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Travelling Agents will much oblige by sending the numbers and time paid for, as well as invariably the names paid.

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Agents for this paper are earnestly requested to make quick remittances, without which it is impossible to keep accounts even.

When a single paper is ordered by an agent and postage accrues, it is invariably charged to the subscriber.

Directions must always be accompanied with the name of the subscriber, and the Post Office at which a paper is discontinued or paid for, and in case of a removal, the office from, as well as to, which the paper is to be changed.

GERMAN HOTEL,

BY

CHARLES ROSENTHAL.

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He has fitted up the house in a neat and commodious style, and solicits a portion of the public patronage. He is prepared to entertain travellers and citizens at the shortest notice. He has a well furnished bar and provided with good beds and stables.

Cabinet, Chair, and Sofa Manufactory

AND

UPHOLSTERY

G. W. DONN & CO.

Respectfully inform their friends, and the public in general, that they carry on the above named business in its various branches, and will manufacture to order any article in their line, also repair furniture of all descriptions in the best manner.

Their stock on hand in their Ware-room, on Pennsylvania Avenue, equidistant from the railroad depot and Capitol gate, will consist of

Spring and cushion-seat Sofas, Low Bedsteads

Sideboards, Bureaus, (column, dressing and common)

Centre, side, column, pier, dressing, sofa, loo, dining and breakfast Tables

Wardrobes, Bedsteads

Mahogany, Rocker, parlor and other Chairs

Hair, moss and chuck Mattresses, &c.

All of which are of the best workmanship, and will be sold as reasonable as at any other establishment in Washington.

Persons wishing to exchange their old furniture

NEW GROCERY.

Mr. JAMES GIVEN has the honor to inform the Public in general, and his friends in pareticular, that he has just opened a Grocery Store in that noted building on Penn Avenue, near the Railroad Depot. formerly occupied by Mr. Dunn as a furniture store, and latterly by the office of the Native American, where he will be happy to accommodate all who may favor him with their custom; with every article in the Grocery line.

$100 REWARD.

DR. STORM'S SPECIFIC COMPOUND

For the cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleets, Strictures, Diabets or difficulty in making water, and all other unnatural discharges from the uretha of either sex.

In no case has this medicine been know to fail, to effect a permanent cure, and too in the shortest possible time. Should this medicine fail to effect a cure where it has been taken according to directions, return the empty vial and get back the money Why then spend both time and money with such quack nostrums as cannot be depended upon; when, for $1, you can purchase a pleasant, sure, and speedy cure, composed solely of vegetable substances? One hundred dollars will be paid to any one who will produce a medicine to equal this compound, or who will prove that it contains any mineral substance whatever.

☞For sale in Washington City by Robert Patterson, corner 9th and the Avenue and Charles C. Stott, corner of 7th street and the avenue; and by H. Wade on 7th street, and by J. & W. Young jr.

In Georgetown by John L. Kidwell.

MRS. HALL'S

BOARDING HOUSE,

Pennsylvania Avenue,

NEARLY OPP. BROWN'S HOTEL

WASHINGTON.

FRESH

GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS,

For sale, Wholesale and Retail, at

J. F. CALLAN'S,

Drug Store, Corner of E and 7th streets,

WASHINGTON CITY:

Among which may be found the following

Artichoke, Asparagus, Beans, various kinds; Beets, every variety; Brussels Sprouts, Broceli, Collards, Cabbage, many sorts, Carrots, do. do. Cauliflowers, late and early, Celery, white and red, Chervil, or Salad, Corn Salad, Cress or Pepper Grass; Cucumber, late and early; Corn, early, prolific, and sweet; Egg Plant, white and purple; Endive Curled; Kale or Borecole; Leek, English and Scotch Lettuce, all the best sorts; Melons and Cantelopes; Nasturtium; Okra, excell. for Soups; Onions, white, red, and silver, Parsley, plain and curled; Parsnip, large, Peas, extra early, early and late; Pepper, Squash and other, Pumpkins, premium, Radishes, many sorts; Rhubarb, for Tarts Salsify or Vegetable Oyster; Sprouts round and prickly; Squash, every variety, Tomato, the finest kind; Turnip, all the best sorts, Onion Sets, &c. &c.

Splendid Flower Seeds, Bulbous Roots Dahlias, &c. &c.

☞These seeds are put up in small and convenient parcels, and are warranted true and genuine. The Roots, (particularly the Dahlias,) are of the most beautiful description, comprise the new varieties, and will be sold at the New York prices.

*** Orders from a distance punctually attended to, and Seeds, Roots and plants carefully packed to go to any part of the United States.

THE HUMAN HAIR is warranted laid or restored, and the head kept free from Dandruff, by the genuine *Oldridge's Balm of Columbia.*

Remember the genuine as described below.

This is certified to by several Mayors, Ministers of the Gospel, British Consul Physicians, and a great number of our most honorable citizens, to be seen where it is sold

DARING FRAUD.—This article has been imitated by a notorious counterfeiter. Let it never be purchased or used unless it have the name of LYSO MSTOCK, or the signature of COMSTOCK & CO. on the splendid wrapper. This is the only external test that will secure the Public from deception.

Apply at the wholesale and retail office No 2 Fletcher street, near Maiden Lane and Pearl street.

COMSTOCK & CO.

Wholesale Druggists, New York

A great variety of the most worthless wash for the hair has sprung up on the test of this article. This has stood the proof 21 years, and rapidly increased in

binet Maker, Printer's Joiner, and Undertaker.

The subscriber informs the public that he is now about to commence in the various branches of his business at his stand, near 7th street, between E and F streets, formerly occupied by Nathan Smith. He will make to order all kinds of CABINET WORK, at the shortest notice. PRINTER'S FURNITURE of every description made to order, and a portion will be kept on hand to suit the patterns of Intelligencer and Globe. He will attend at FUNERALS, as usual, in the city or country, at the shortest notice. Long experience in the business, directs him to adopt the northern custom of keeping coffins ready made on hand, with Shrouds, Sheets and every thing necessary for immediate interment, in case of plague and sudden death. Two first-rate Hearses always in readiness to attend in this city or in the country.

June 15 PETER CALLAN.

PHILADELPHIA TYPE FOUNDRY JOHNSON & SMITH. No. 6 George street, [between 6th and 7th,] keep constantly on hand type, Presses, Printing Types and Printing Materials of every description.

The following are the prices of Printing Types, at six months credit, for approved paper, or at a discount of 7 1-2 per cent for cash.

Pearl	75	Double G. Prim	
Nonpareil	3	Double Paragon	38
Minion	75	Cannon	38
Brevier	66	Four line Pica	34
Bourgeois	38	Five line Pica	34
Long Primer	34	Six line Pica	32
Pica	43	Most of the Six line Pica and larger, are cut on wood, and are from 5 to 37 1-2 cts per letter.	
English	38		
Great Primer	38		
Paragon	38		
Double Pica	38		
Double English	38		

INDIAN RESTORATIVE

For Restoring and Promoting the Growth of Hair.

THIS article not only promotes the Growth of Hair, but makes it soft and pliable. It prevents its falling off, and affords effectual nourishment to the Roots restores it to its natural color, improves the beauty, and gradually changes light or red hair, to that of a brown or black. It also removes Dandruff, prevents baldness; and so extremely pleasant to use, that parents will find it of great advantage in cleaning children's heads; (as it is of great benefit to the health,) and is far superior to other Restoratives, Balsams or Oils—and particularly in cases of Fever, when the hair begins to fall off. There has never been any thing so effectual as the 'Indian Restorative.'

To be had Wholesale and Retail of Charles Stott, corner of 7th street and Penn. Av. Washington City, D. C.

In Baltimore by Dr. A. Penn, No. 2 Ninth street.

THORPE'S VEGETABLE ANTBILIOUS PILLS. A sovereign remedy in cases of Bilious Indigestion, or Foul Stomach; Dyspepsia, such as loss of Appetite; Nausea, or Sickness at the Stomach Costiveness; Languid lowness of Spirits Giddiness; Palpitation of the Heart

For cleansing the stomach and removing the bile they stand unrivalled; they are a safe but excellent preventative of all disorder originating from a foul stomach.

They are mild in their action, and purge at little, and are an excellent purifier of the blood.

N. B. These Pills contain no Mercury whatever, and may be taken without regard to diet and exposure.

For sale by J & W Young, jr. Charles Stott, corner of 7th and the avenue: H Wade on 7th street: and by C & J B Jardella, corder of 12th street and the avenue Washington City

CHARLES CAHEN

Informs the Public that he has removed to that popular stand formerly occupied by Michael McDermott, at the corner of Six street and Penn. Av. where he continues to furnish refreshments to citizens and transients, as usual. He begs leave to return his thanks to his friends and the Public in general for their liberal patronage heretofore, and hopes by assiduity and attention to merit a continuance of their favors.

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